

Ninety years after the death of Roger Williams in 1771, steps were taken to erect some suitable monument, but the storms of the Revolution came on, and the question has been forgotten. But recently the question has been gotten, and Mr. and Mrs. Williams may yet at least have some outward sign to mark his greatness and perpetuate his name. During a period of 183 years, the grave of William, the founder of Rhode Island, till the precise locality of his grave had been almost forgotten, and could only be ascertained after the most careful investigation. The grave was found, and the exhumation made a short time ago—though there was little to exhume. On scraping off the turf from the surface of the ground the dim outlines of seven graves, contained the burial ground of Roger Williams. In colonial times each family had its own burial ground, which was usually near the family residence. Three of these seven graves were of children, and the others were adults. The earliest grave was identified as that of Mr. Williams. On digging down into the "channel house," it was found that everything had passed into oblivion. The shapes of the coffins could only be ascertained by the marks on the wooden plates, and the thickness of the edges of the sides of the coffins, with the ends distinctly defined. The rusted remains of the hinges and nails, with a few fragments of wood and a single round knot, were all that remained. One of the graves was of a child. In the grave of his wife there was not a trace of anything save a single lock of braided hair which had survived the lapse of more than 180 years. Near the graves of the children, a large tree had gathered from its roots in the ground. This tree had sent two of its main roots in to the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Williams. The larger root had pushed its way through the earth till it reached the precise locality of the grave of the child. There making a turn as if going round the skull, it followed the direction of the backbone to the hips. Here it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heel, where they terminated upon the feet. One of these roots formed a slight crook at the knee, which makes the whole bear a very close resemblance to a human form. This singular root is preserved with great care, not only as an illustration of a peculiar mode of vegetation, but as a great historic association. There were the graves, emptied of every particle of human dust! Not a trace of anything was left! It is known to chemistry that all flesh, and the bones, are resolved into carbonic acid gas, water and air, while the solid lime dust usually remains. But in this instance even the phosphate of lime of the bones of both graves had disappeared. The soil was a vegetable "apple tree," as was said at the time "caught in the very act of robbing the grave."

To explain the phenomenon is not the design of this article, but a plausible explanation has been given, and may be made more convincing. But this fact must be admitted: the organic matter of Roger Williams had been transmitted into the apple tree; it had passed into the woody element, and was capable of propelling the means of growth, and had bloomed in the apple blossoms, and had become pleasant to the eye; and more, it had gone into the fruit from year to year, so that the question might be asked, Who ate Roger Williams? *—Hartford Press.*

**ELECTION, THURSDAY NEXT, THE 13TH OCTOBER.**—In less than a week, the elections for Governor and members of the Legislature, will be held. Through the day of Monday we hope there will be a full turnout at the polls, as the coming elections are of great importance to the people. Let no one be indifferent. Let every vote be brought out, and the Union will be saved. The best terms we can get. We cannot have things our own way, at present, and cannot prosper in the condition we are in. Once back into the Union, and the people will be able to make their own wishes, and make safe calculations for the future.

Let all true conservative Union men rally to the polls, on Thursday next, and show their strength. *—Salem Press.*

**SYNDIC.**—The Synod of the Presbyterian Church commenced its session in this city on Monday, the 10th inst. A number of Ministers and Lay delegates are in attendance, and a good deal of interest is manifested in the proceedings. Rev. R. Chapman, Moderator; Rev. Jacob Doll, Stated Clerk; Rev. F. H. Perkins, Secretary. Rev. Mr. Beall, Temporary Clerks.

The Sessions have been well attended, and were very harmonious and pleasant.

Rev. G. W. McPail, D. D., was elected Moderator, and we hope to hear many of his discourses. Rev. K. Kirkpatrick, who, it will be remembered, resigned to accept a Professorship in Washington College, Virginia. *—Charlotte Times.*

**INDIAN SUMMER.**—There are days which occur in this climate, at almost any season of the year, wherein the world reaches its perfection, and we feel as if we were in the presence of the earth make a harmony as nature could indulge her offspring; when, in these leak upper sides of the planet, nothing is to be seen but the fairest of things. These halcyons are like to be looked for with a little more assurance than the halcyons of the sea, and they are distinguished by the name of Indian Summer. The day immeasurably long, sleeps over the broad hills and warm wide fields. To have ved through all its sunny hours seems lonely and empty. The solitary places do not seem to be lonely, and the world seems to be at the surprised man of the world is forced to leave his city estimates of great and small, wise and foolish. We creep out of our houses and crowded houses into the night and the moon and the stars are very near, and we really wrap us in their bosom. Cities give up the human senses room enough. We go out daily and nightly to feed the eyes on the horizon, and require so much space, just as if there is the bucket of cold water from the spring, the woodfire to which the chilled avers rushes for safety—and there is the sublime moral of autumn and of noon.

**THE DOG DOCTOR'S SECRET.**—Good food, and exercise, and want of exercise, are the destruction of parlor dogs. They become fat with increasing age, and contract various diseases. The only way to keep them healthy is to keep them in the line of business, or that a medical practitioner must be called in, who will by a severe regimen restore the dog to his natural appetite. An excellent example is in our neighborhood, where a man has made a comfortable income by this peculiar line of practice. He divulged the secret of his system a few days before his dissolution to the esamable clergyman of the parish. "I always said that the dog was a creature of the devil, and that he was the end of my garden, for a week, and gave me nothing but water. When I fetched them from their mistresses, they refused to eat what I should have been and I was forced to give them what they would eat. I could not have touched. I would have some dogs twice or even three times a year, but I always cured 'em at last. One of them was as good as three pounds a year for me, and I never looked to me; and when he saw me coming for him to bring down his fat, he would waddle away, and howl enough to make the dead dogs haven't got no gratification."

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**GREENSBORO**, Tuesday, October 23d.  
October 10th, 1866. 88—4t.